The Cambridge Chronicle.

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"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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Poetry

A ROSY CHILD WENT FORTH TO PLAY

By the Rev. James Gilmorne Lyons, L. L. D.

A rosy child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide;
And kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,
He rais'd in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower;—a goodly pile.

But when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the vesper bell
Call'd the boy builder home to sleep:—
He pass'd a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair;
He came with the returning light,
And lo, the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that untinkling child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp with strivings warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of earth.
Gold, learning, glory,—What are they
Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.

THE DRUNKARD'S FAREWELL.

Farewell drink, so nigh and handy,
Farewell rum, and gin, and brandy,
Farewell huts that see all weathers,
Farewell beds that have no feathers,
Farewell ways that I've forsaken,
Farewell tubs that have no bacon,
Farewell empty pots and kettles,
Farewell cupboards without "vitals,"
Farewell face as red as crimson,
Farewell hats that have no rims on,
Farewell coats, more holes than stitches,
Farewell ragged vests and breeches,
Farewell broken chairs and tables,
Farewell dwellings worse than stables,
Farewell drunken song and carol,
Farewell friends that love the barrel,
Farewell drinking lads and lassies,
Farewell windows without glasses,
Farewell floors that need a swab file,
Farewell yards that have no wood-pile,
Farewell bonds that I have broken,
Farewell oaths that I have spoken,
Farewell landlords and bar tenders,
Farewell all blue-devil senders,

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE MARTYR OF THE SOUTH.

There is a gloom to-day in Charleston.

It is not often that a great city feels, but when this great heart of humanity, whose every pulsation is a life, can feel, the result is more terrible than the bloodiest battle. Yes, when those arteries of a city, its streets and lanes, and alleys, thrill with the same feeling, when, like an electric chain, it darts invisibly from one breast to another, until it swells ten thousand hearts, the result is terrible,

I care not whether that result is manifested in a riot, that fills the streets with the blood of men, and women, and little children, that fires the roof over the head of the innocent, or sends the Church of God whirling in the smoke and flame to the midnight sky; or whether that feeling is manifested in the silence of thousands, the bowed head, the compressed lip, the stealthy footstep, still it is a fearful thing to see,

There is gloom to-day in Charleston.

A dead awe reigns over the city. Every face you see is stamped with *gloom*; men go silently by, with anguish in their hearts and eyes. Women are weeping in their darkened chambers; in yonder church old men are kneeling before the altar praying, in low, deep, muttered tones.

The very soldiers whom you met, clad in their British uniforms, wear sadness on their faces. These men, to whom murder is sport, are gloomy to-day. The citizens pass hurriedly to and fro; clustering in groups whisper together; glide silently unto their homes.

The stores are closed to-day, as though it were Sunday. The windows of those houses are closed, as though some great man were dead; there is a silence on the air, as though a plague had despoiled the town of its beauty and its manhood.

The British banner—stained as it is with the best blood of the Palmetto State—seems to partake of the influence of the hour; for floating from yonder staff, it does not swell buoyantly upon the breeze, but drops heavily to the ground.

The only sound you hear, save the hurried tread of the citizens, is the low, solemn notes of the Dead March groaning from muffled drums. Why all this gloom, that oppresses the heart and fills the eye? Why do Whig and Tory, citizen and soldier, share this gloom alike? Why this silence, this awe, this dread?

Look yonder, and in the centre of that common, deserted by every human thing, behold—rising in lonely hideousness—behold, a *gallows*

Why does that gibbet stand there, blackening in the morning sun?

Come with me into yonder mansion, whose roof arises proudly over all other roofs. Up these carpeted stairs, into this luxurious chamber, whose windows are darkened by hangings of satin, whose walls are covered with tapestry, whose floor is crowded with elegant furniture. All is silent in this chamber.

A single glow of morning light steals shro' the parted curtains of yonder window. Beside that window, with his back to the light, his face in shadow, as though he wished to hide certain dark thoughts from the light, sits a young man, his handsome form arrayed in a British uniform.

He is young, but there is the gloom of age upon that woven brow, there is the resolve of murder upon that curling lip. His attitude is significant.—His head inclined to one side, the cheek resting on the left hand, while the right grasps a parchment, which bears his signature, the ink not yet dried.

That parchment is a death-warrant

If you will look closely upon that red uniform you will see that it is stained with the blood of Paoli, where the cry for "quarter" was answered by the falling sword and the reeking bayonet. Yes, this is none other than General Gray, the Butcher of Paoli, transformed by the accolade of his King into Lord Rawdon.

While he is there, by the window, grasping that parchment in his hand, the door opens, a strange group stand disclosed on the threshold.

A woman and three children, dressed in black, stand there gazing upon the English lord. They slowly advance; do you behold the pale face of that woman, her eyes, large & dark, not wet with tears, but glaring with speechless awe? On one side a little girl, with brown ringlets, on the other her sister, one year older, with dark hair, relieving a pallid face.

Somewhat in front, his young form rising to every inch of its height; stands a boy of thirteen, with chesnut curls, clustering about his fair countenance. You can see that dark eye flash; that lower lip quiver, as he silently confronts Lord Rawdon.

The woman—I use that word, for to me it expresses all that is pure in passion, or holy in humanity, while your word—lady—means nothing but ribbons and millinery—the woman advances, and encircled by these children, stands before the gloomy lord.

"I have come," she speaks in a voice that strikes you with its music and tenderness, "I have come to plead for my brother's life!"

She does not say, *behold, my brother's children*, but there they are, and the English lord beholds them. Tears are coursing down the cheeks of those little girls, but the eye of the woman is not dim. The boy of thirteen looks intently in the face of the Briton, his under lip quivering like a leaf.

For a single moment that proud lord raises his head and surveys the group, and then you hear his deep yet melodious voice:

"Madam, your brother swore allegiance to His Majesty, and was afterwards taken in arms against his king. He is guilty of Treason, and must endure the penalty, and that, as you well know, is Death."

"But, my lord," said that brave woman, standing firm and erect, her beauty shining more serenely in that moment of heroism,—"You well know the circumstances under which he swore allegiance. He, a citizen of South Carolina, an American, was dragged from the bedside of a dying wife, and hurried to Charleston, where this language was held by your officers—'Take the oath of allegiance, and return to the bedside of your dying wife; Refuse, and we will consign you to goal!' This, my lord, not when he was free to act, ah, no! but when his wife lay dying of that fearful disease—small pox—which had already destroyed two of his children. How could he act otherwise than he did? how could he refuse to take your oath? In his case would you, my lord, would any *man*, refuse to do the same?

Still the silent children stood there before him, while the clear voice of the true woman pierced his soul.

"Your brother is condemned to death!" he coldly said, turning his head away. "He dies at noon. I can do nothing for you!"

Silently the woman holding a little girl by each hand, sank on her knees; but the boy of thirteen stood erect. Do you see that group? Those hands upraised, those voices, the clear voice of the woman, the infantile tones of those sweet girls, mingling in one cry for "Mercy!" while the Briton looks upon them with a face of iron, and the boy of thirteen stands erect, no tear in his eye, but a convulsive tremor on his lips!"

Then the tears of that woman come at last—then as the face of that stern man glooms before her, she takes the little hands of the girls within hers and lifts them to his knee, and begs him to spare the father's life.

Not a word from the English Lord.

The boy still firm, erect and silent, no tear dims the eye which glares steadily in the face of the tyrant.

"Ah, you relent!" shrieks that sister of the condemned man. "You will not deprive these children of a father—you will not cut him off in the prime of manhood, by this hideous death! As you hope for mercy in your last hour, be merciful now—spare my brother, and not a heart in Charleston but will bless you—spare him for the sake of these children!"

"Madam," was the cold reply, "your brother has been condemned to die. I can do nothing for you!"

He turned his head away, and held the Parchment before his eyes. At last the stern heart of the boy was melted. There was a spasmodic motion about his chest, his limbs shook, he stood for a moment like a statue, and then fell on his knees, seizing the right hand of lord Rawdon with his trembling fingers.

Lord Rawdon looked down upon that young face, shadowed with chesnut curls, as the small hands clutched his wrist, and an expression of surprise came over his face.

"My child," said he, "I can do nothing for you!"

The boy silently rose, He took a sister by each hand. There was a wild light in his young eye—a scorn of defiance on his lip.—

"Come, sisters, let us go."

He said this, and led those fair girls toward the door, followed by the sister of the condemned. Not a word more was said—but ere they passed from the room, that true woman looked back into the face of Lord Rawdon.

He never forgot that look.

They were gone from the room, and he stood alone before that window, with the sunlight pouring over his guilty brow.

"Yes, it is necessary to make an example! This rebellion must be crushed: these rebels taught submission! The death of this man will strike terror into their hearts. They will learn at last that treason is no trifling game; that the rope and the gibbet will reward each Rebel for his crime!"

Poor Lord Rawdon!

The streets were now utterly deserted. Not a citizen, a soldier, not even a negro was seen. A silence like death rested upon the city.

Suddenly the sound of the dead march was heard, and yonder behold the only evidence of life throughout this wide city.

On yonder common, around the gibbet, is gathered a strangely contrasted crowd. There is the negro, the outcast of society, the British officer in his uniform, the citizen in his plain dress. All are grouped together in that crowd.

In the centre of the dense mass, beside that horse and cart, one foot resting on that coffin of pine, stands the only man in this crowd with an uncovered brow. He stands there, an image of mature manhood, with a muscular form, a clear, full eye, a bold forehead. His cheek is not pale, nor his eye dim. He is dressed neatly in a suit of dark velvet, made after the fashion of his time; one hand inserted in his vest, rests on his heart.

Above his head dangles the rope. Near his back stands that figure with the craped face; around are the British soldiers, separating the condemned from the crowd. Among all that rude band of soldiers, not an eye but is wet with tears.

The brave officer there, who has charge of the murder, pulls his chapeau over his eyes, to shield them from the sun, or—can it be?—to hide his tears.

All is ready, He has bidden the last farewell to his sister, his children in yonder goal; he has said his last word to his noble boy, pressed his last kiss upon the lips of those fair girls, All is ready for the murder.

At this moment a citizen advances, his face convulsed with emotion—

"Hayne," he speaks, in a choking voice, "show them how an American can die!"

"I will endeavor to do so," was the reply of the doomed man.

At this moment the hangman advanced, and placed the cap over his brow. A cry was heard in the crowd, a footstep, and those soldiers shrank back before a boy of thirteen, who came rushing forward.

"Father!" he shrieked, as he beheld the condemned with the cap over his brow.

One groan arose from that crowd—a simultaneous expression of horror.

The father drew the cap from his brow: beheld the wild face, the glaring eyes of his son,

"God bless you, my boy," he spoke, gathering that young form to his heart. "Now go, and leave your father to his fate. Return when I am dead—receive my body, and have it buried by my forefathers."

As the boy turned and went through the crowd, the father stepped firmly into the cart.

There was a pause, as though every man in that crowd was suddenly turned to stone.

The boy looked back but once, only once, and then beheld——ah, I dare not speak it, for it chills the blood in the veins——he beheld that manly form suspended to the gibbet, with the cap over his brow, while the distorted face glowed horribly in the sun. That was his Father!

That boy did not shriek, nor groan, but instantly—like a light extinguished suddenly—the fire left his eye, the color his cheek. His lips opened in a silly smile. The first word he uttered told the story—

"My father!" he cried, and then pointed to the body, and broke into a laugh.

Oh, it was horrible, that langh, so hollow, shrill, and wild. The child of the Martyr was an idiot.

Still, as the crowd gathered round him, as kind hands bore him away, that pale face was turned over his shoulder toward the gallows:

"My Father!"

And still that laugh was borne upon the breeze, even to the gibbet's timbers, where—in hideous mockery, a blackened but not dishonored thing—swung the body of the Martyr Hayne.

"This death will strike terror into the hearts of the Rebels!"

Poor Lord Rawdon!

Did that man, in his fine uniform, forget that there was a God? Did he forget that the voice of a Martyr's blood can never die?

This death strike terror into the heart of the Rebels?

It roused one feeling of abhorrence through the whole South. It took down a thousand rifles from the hooks above the fire-side hearth. It turned many a doubting heart to the cause of freedom; nay, Tories by hundreds came flocking to the camp of liberty. The blood of Hayne took root and grew into an army.

There came a day when George Washington, by the conquest of Yorktown, had in his possession the murderer who did this deed; Lord Cornwallis, who condemned and commanded it: Lord Rawdon, who signed the death-warrant.

Here was a glorious chance for Washington to avenge the Martyr Hayne, who had been choked to death by these men. The feeling of the army, the voice of America—nay, certain voices that spoke in the British Parliament, would have justified the deed. The law of nations would have proclaimed it a holy act. But how did Washington act?

He left each murderer to God and his own conscience. He showed the whole world a sublime manifestation of forgiveness and scorn. Forgiveness for this humiliated Cornwallis, who, so far from bearing Washington home to London a prisoner in chains, was now a conquered man in the midst of his captive army.

But this Lord Rawdon, who, captured by a French vessel, was brought into Yorktown, this arrested murderer, who skulked about the camp, the object of universal loathing, how did Washington treat him?

He scorned him too much to lay a hand upon his head; from the fulness of contempt, he permitted him to live.

Poor Lord Rawdon!

Who hears his name now, save as an object forgotten in the universality of scorn?

But the Martyr—where is the heart that does not throb at the mention of his fate, at the name of Isaac Hayne?

Agricultural.

CONVERTING VEGETABLE MATTER INTO MANURE.

Various methods have been devised of late for converting the leaves and other vegetable substances into manure. These, doubtless, may be rendered by their conversions into food of plants, a result which, in the laboratory or Nature, is accomplished slowly, and not unfrequently with a heavy loss to the farmer, of what constitutes their most valuable material as manure. The celebrated system of Bommer, among many others of a similar character, now promises to be of immense advantage, and is eminently deserving of public consideration. It is true, indeed, that they who avail themselves of the advantages of Bommer's system, will be compelled to pay for the same, but in this catch-penny world, all things of value, as well as many things of *no* value, have their price; and in recommending a system which enables one to derive an immediate and ostensible advantage from what would otherwise be useless, and an encumbrance to the soil—even though it may cost somewhat for the "*right*"—we feel that we are ameanable to no imputation which a word were not sufficient to refute. We think—if results are to be relied on—that this manure is eminently deserving of all the praise and eulogy it has so liberally received—that Bommer himself, should be contemplated, not by any means as an empyric in agriculture and conical science, as some have been induced to suppose, but as a man of the most profound practical utilitarian experience, and consequently a safe adviser in the great business in which he has so patriotically and benevolently engaged. Truly "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

The following method of attaining the same end, was communicated some years since by H. Browne, Esq., a distinguished chemist, to the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts," &c. Mr. Browne stated that from numerous experiments, made for a number of years in succession, by himself and friends, the utility of the composition, as well as its cheapness and durability, had been fully and permanently established. It can be manufactured in any situation and to any extent desired, and the mode of making is as simple as can reasonably be expected, or desired. The following is the *modus operandi* to be pursued:

"Upon a layer of vegetable matter, about a foot thick, a very thin layer of lime, beat small, is to be laid; and so on vegetable matter, then lime, alternately. After they have been put together a few hours, the decomposition will begin to take place—and, unless prevented by a few sods, or a fork full of vegetables at hand, the mixture will break out into a blaze, which must, at all events, be avoided. In about twenty-four hours the process will be complete and you will have a quantity of ashes to lay on your land at any time you wish. Any, and all sorts of vegetables, and weeds of every description, if used green, will answer the purpose. They will doubly serve the farmer, as they will not only be at a small expense, but will in process of time render his farm more valuable, by depriving it of all noisome weeds. Mr. B. states, that he made a calculation with clover, grown for the purpose, and that one acre, at a single cutting, when decomposed by the above process, yielded a sufficient quantity of ashes to manure four acres. He states, that the vegetables should be used as soon after they are cut as possible, and the lime as fresh from the kiln as the distance will allow.—It appears that on these two circumstances mainly depends the goodness of the composition. We think this plan is worthy of future experiments; and we should be happy to communicate to the public the result of any trial made for the purpose of testing its utility."

THE INFLUENCE OF HORRTICULTURE UPON THE HUMAN CHARACTER.

Dr. Wm. Darlington, in a recent address before the Chester county (Penn.) Horticultural Society, thus truly speaks of the influence of a taste for horticulture in preserving pure morals and rufining the perception of beauty:

That the habitual association with interesting plants and flowers exerts a salutary influence on the human character, is a truth universally felt and understood. No one ever dreams of any possibility of mistake, in estimating the disposition of those who delight in gardens, rural walks, and arbours, and the culture of elegant shade trees and shrubbery. *Who* ever anticipated boorish rudeness, or met with incivility, among the enthusiastic votaries of Flora?—Was it ever known, that a rural residence tastefully planned and appropriately adorned with floral beauties, was not the abode of refinement and intelligence? Even the scanty display of blossoms in a window, or of the careful training of a honeysuckle round a cottage door, is an unmistakeable evidence of of gentle spirits, and an improved humanity, within. There may, possibly, be nature so gross as to be incapable of perceiving the beauties of the vegetable creation—and altogether inaccessible to the influence of genuine taste,—as it is said, there are persons insensible to the charms of the sweetest music. But I can only imagine the existence of such unfinished specimens of our kind, as the rare *exceptions* which logicians say are the strongest proofs of the general rule. They must, indeed, be the veriest clods that ever fell untempered from *auld Nature's 'prentice han.'* Shakspeare, as you know, tells us—

"The man that hath no music in his himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

Now, if such be the character of the man who is so unfortunate, in relation to the pleasure of a *single sense*,—what shall we say of him who cannot appreciate the delights of a rich and beauteous garden? delights, which appeal so directly to each of the senses—and minister so exquisitely to all the five! I should say, he was not fit even for "spoils"—which, I believe, is the lowest qualification recognized at the present day.

OF TEMPERANCE.

But that your integrity may be permanent, it must be founded on the rock of *temperance*. First, therefore, banish sloath, and an inordinate love of ease; active minds being only fit for employments; and none but the industrious, either deserving or having a possibility to thrive: Which gave occasion to Solomon to exclaim, "The sluggard shall be clothed with rags; because he cries, yet a little more sleep, a little more slumber! But the folly of sleeping away one's days is obvious to the dullest capacity; it being so much time abated from our lives, and either returning us into a like condition with that we were in before our births, or anticipating that which we may expect in the grave. In short sleep is but a refreshment, not an employment: and while we give way to the pleasing lethargy, we sacrifice both the duties and enjoyments of our being.

A Thin Dress.—An exchange paper, under the head of "good advice," advises young men to "wrap themselves up in their virtue." A co-temporary well says, "Many of them would freeze to death this winter if they had no other covering."